THE LEAVENWORTH WEEKLY TIMES.

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Conservative Established by D. R. Anthony, Jan. 1861.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1872.

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The Daily Times

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11 1872.

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THE TIMES

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Send in your Clubs before January 1st, 1872, with this announcement.

D. R. ANTHONY, Editor and Proprietor of the TIMES.

Leavenworth, Nov. 12, 1871.

CLARKE.

The Kansas City *Times* of yesterday morning tells us that the Hon. Sidney Clarke, ex-Member of Congress, from this State, was in that burg, having just returned from Washington. Is Sidney going down to the Legislature "to see about it?"

FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The Republicans of New York propose to make a legislative record of that State right on the Fifteenth Amendment. That amendment was ratified by a Republican Legislature, and this ratification was counted in the proclamation of the President announcing the concurrence of twenty-nine States. Practically, it is of no moment to wipe out the subsequent repeal by a Democratic Legislature, yet it can do no harm. The books may look better for it to the eyes of posterity.

A FIGHT.

The telegraph tells us this morning that two Western Senators—one of whom is Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas—intend to make a fight upon the civil service reform matter as it stands in its present shape. This fight, if it goes on, will probably have one good result:—it will let the public know what is meant by "civil service reform" as now being inaugurated. The people have a very indefinite idea of its proportions, and generally regard it as a big thing, though the proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer" has not yet been able to make out what it is.

SNOW BOUND.

Among the list of passengers who arrived at Omaha by the first Pacific train through after the snow blockade of nearly three weeks, we find the name of Hon. A. A. Sargent, the new Senator elect from California. Mr. Sargent has, for some time past, represented the people of his State in the Lower House of Congress, and has now been called by the Legislature to go up higher. He made an active and useful representive of the House, and will do credit to his State in the Senate Chamber. He is one of the rising men of the West.

JEFFERSON COUNTY TAXES.

We have just paid a tax on a quarter-section of land in Jefferson county, valuation $1,000; tax levy as per the bill rendered, 28⅞ mills; tax paid as per the receipt, 31⅞ mills. There has been something about the Treasurer's office of that county for some years past that needed attention. The officers have been surly and indisposed to accept payment of taxes unless an extra fee was paid to them.

This year no such charge has been made, but the bill rendered is three mills greater than it ought to be. The mistake is on the wrong side.

A MISTAKE—PERHAPS.

The Detroit *Tribune*, of Wednesday, states that "Laura D. Fair, the murderer of Judge Crittenden in California, died on Saturday evening last in the prison where she had been confined under sentence of death."—We have not seen this item of news or any comment upon it in any other of our exchanges, and are inclined to doubt its correctness. And the more so as we notice an item in the New York *World*, of Wednesday, to the effect that Mr. Cook, a prominent lawyer and *counsel for* Mrs. Laura D. Fair, died in California at midnight, December 31st. Didn't the Detroit *Tribune* mistake the death of Mrs. Fair's counsel, on Saturday last, for the death of Mrs. Fair herself on the same day? We guess so.

THE ROCHESTER SENSATION.

On our third page to-day will be found a full account of the trial, conviction and sentence, of the negro Howard, who was arrested at Rochester, N. Y., a few days ago charged with an attempt to outrage the person of a little girl, ten years of age. The article is somewhat lengthy, but will be read with interest. The trial was rather a singular one, and the record of it will constitute a very extraordinary chapter in the history of criminal proceedings. In less than one week after the commission of his crime, the strong gates of the State's Prison had closed behind the criminal, and he had commenced paying the penalty of his inhuman act, under a sentence of twenty years!

MURPHY.

The Pittsburgh *Commercial* thinks that since Mr. ex-Collector Murphy has had his serenade and chance to speak that speech prepared for him, it may be reasonably suggested that, unless it is proposed to make the gentleman a national issue, he be permitted to drop out. He may or may not have been an efficient collector, he may be a good fellow and cute, a friend fast and valuable—he probably is all these; nevertheless there is a feeling abroad concerning Mr. Murphy, which we think justifies the opinion that he would not make a good national issue for any party. He is pretty well understood. Viewed from this distance, we should say that if his friends are satisfied, the other sort have no particular reason to complain. If laurels have been won, Mr. Murphy and his friends know how many adorn their brows.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ON A NASTY SUBJECT.

Col. Anthony has sued Col. Jennison to recover a printing bill. Jennison has put in a counter claim for meals and sundries furnished the former gentleman at his "faro rooms." The suit promises some queer developments.—*Commercial.*

The above infamous lie, started by Jennison and the *Commercial*, has been going the rounds of the press.

We know that the truth can never overtake a lie, but perhaps a plain statement may, in part, undo the wrong.

Jennison advertised a sale of stock and also a sale of his saloon and "Faro Bank" furniture and fixtures, in THE TIMES.

THE TIMES' bill was presented to him for payment. The Gambler having learned that THE TIMES could not be used by him, concluded to decline the payment of the small bill of printing. He told the collector that he had an offset for wines and meals furnished us at his "Faro Bank rooms."

We put the bill into the hands of a Constable with orders to sue it at once.

On the morning of the day set for trial, Jennison's Attorney came into our office and offered to pay us the amount of our bill. We replied that Jennison had made threats and we demanded a retraction.

Jennison that day at the trial made an affidavit, stating that he could not safely proceed to trial because he could not procure important witnesses. Of course this was done merely to obtain time.

The trial come off yesterday and the blustering gambler *did not* put in his "counter claim for sundries furnished the former gentleman at his Faro rooms."

The jury brought in this verdict: "*We, the jury, find the defendant indebted to the plaintiff* $26.25.

The citizens of Leavenworth know that we do not play "Faro." We do not even know how the game is played.

We felt it our duty to give the gambling braggart, the blustering bravado who don't know enough to speak or write a single sentence of the English language intelligibly, and who is not even recognized among the sporting fraternity as an honest gambler, a chance to prove his assertions. He not only failed to prove, but *dared* not even put in his pretended "counter claim." He is known to have bought and to have used the various gambling devices for swindling his victims. He has been convicted before a court martial of the crime of stealing cattle and has been *dishonorably* dismissed the service of the U. S. He cannot hold a U. S. office unless pardoned for his crimes. He is a coarse, low, brutal animal, one who seeks to drag every one else down to his own level. He has not one thought or idea of becoming a better man.

At the last election he pledged himself to quit gambling. He has done this many times before. He has been engaged in gambling since his election, and is now an owner in a gambling house. This man has told of scores of victims who have been decoyed into his gambling hell and swindled out of their money. The poor dependent clerk, the struggling attorney, the downy faced boy and the rich gray haired father alike have not only lost their greenbacks, but this convicted gambler and thief has boasted of the fact to others, even revealing the names of the victims which, if he had any honor in him, he would be bound to keep sacred. This is the kind of man we have to deal with. We felt it our duty to the public to state the facts about him, and having performed the thankless task we leave him with his boon companions, the enemies of decency and morality.

DEAD.

The noted Col. James Fisk, Jr., of New York expired at the Grand Central Hotel, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock last Sunday morning. This occurrence was not unexpected; the events of the previous day had prepared the public mind for the announcement. Our dispatches to-day give full details of the manner of his death, the provisions of his will and the preparations for the funeral.

Col. Fisk was a daring and unscrupulous "operator;" he had some good qualities, and a great many bad ones; he leaves the world but little better for having lived in it; a few individuals have been benefitted by his good deeds, and thousands of good men have been demoralized and led to ruin by his pernicious example. While the public mind will generally condemn and execrate the brutal manner of his taking off, the news of his death, beyond the circle of his family and personal friends, will be a message of sorrow to but few hearts. But his race is run—his career is ended; his life was one of turbulence—may his rest be peaceful.

WHAT kind of Republicanism is that which refuses to trust itself to the support of universal suffrage? And yet the Radical Republican journals in Paris which first proposed the candidacy of M. Vantrain for the Assembly, have withdrawn their support because while declaring his belief that the republic alone can save France, Mr. Vantrain refuses to place the republic above universal suffrage. A good Republican is M. Vantrain; but not the journals which reproach and abandon him for adhering to the fundamental principle of Republicanism that the people are the government. If the republic in France dare not encounter the test of universal suffrage, and stand or fall by the will of the people, it has no sure foundation, and is simply a republican despotism and delusion.

POSTMASTERS.

One of the rules prepared by the Civil Service Commision and adopted by the President requires that all postmasters hereafter appointed, whose salaries amount to $200 per annum or over, shall be subjected to a test of competitive examination. A list has now been completed in the Postoffice Department, showing that the total number of such offices is 5,102. When vacancies occur in the larger of these offices the rules of promotion is to be applied if any subordinate therein is found to be fitted after examination. In case of a failure to pass examination, or the absence of subordinates desiring promotion, the office will be open for public competition. In addition to this class of offices the books of the department show that there are about twenty-five thousand postmasters whose salaries do not amount to $200 per annum. These appointments will continue to be made upon simple application supported by testimonials of character satisfactory to the Postmaster General. A large proportion of the places are being held merely for the accommodation of the public. About one-half of the total number of postmasters receive a compensation not exceeding fifty dollars a year.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

The poorest compliment that could be paid the new publication would be to say, "it is very good, for a *Kansas* production." We don't know of any reason why a Kansas Magazine should not be as good, in all respects, as a Massachusetts Magazine. Hence we propose to measure the new venture by its merits, *per se*, not recognizing the fact of its Kansas origin as any paliation for inferiority. The first number of the new Magazine now before us, we have carefully perused from beginning to end, and our criticism shall be impartial, without prejudice for or against:

Though possessing many good points, the work does not come fully up to the standard of excellence that our anticipation had established for it; too much of the flippancy of daily journalism, and not enough of the higher and more finished style of the Magazine.

The opening article, "Wyandotte Convention," is contributed by Col. W. A. Phillips. It is a leaf from the early history of Kansas, heretofore unwritten; and in giving his recollections of one of the numerous "conventions" that seemed to spring up spontaneously in the chaotic days of Kansas, Mr Phillips furnishes a sketch that will be perused with interest by the reader of to-day and referred to with profit by the historian of the future.

The second article, "The Wulur Lake," is a half page of blank verse from the pen of Wm. Ellery Channing. This production is either very good or very poor. To those who are able to appreciate it, it is very fine, and to those less favored it is stuff. Unfortunately for the author, the latter class has the majority.

Next comes "Athanatos." This is a remarkable production. At first we supposed it to be a joke; had we found it in the "funny" department, we should have known it was a joke. But after a second careful reading, we didn't know anything about it. If it is published as a joke, it is a serious thing on the public; if it is published as a serious thing, it is a good joke on the magazine. "Athanatos" is four pages of stuff, purporting to have been written by the disembodied spirit of some fellow who settled in "Donithan" county in the early days of the Territory, moved to a claim on the Little Stranger, and was there shot by border ruffians, buried on the bank of the stream by a slave man and his wife, washed out in the spring, and floated down the Missouri! If Spiritualism succeeds in establishing itself as an acknowledged fact, magazine articles from those who have shuffled off this mortal coil may possibly then be admissible; but the doctrine is yet a mooted question — to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness,— and there are a great many Greeks. The *Kansas Magazine* will do itself but little credit, and its readers little good, by cumbering up its pages with such matters as this "Athanatos" thing. It will much better suit the latitude of Kansas to be of the earth earthy. We are opposed to spirits dipping in, anyhow — we are opposed to it on principle—it don't give the other contributors a "fair show." Suppose old "Athanatos" should take a notion to abuse some man with a body, (and he might do so, for the way in which he goes for those Missouri fellows shows that the old Adam ain't all burnt out of him) then what chance would there be for his antagonist? Take Prouty, for instance; encumbered with so much material substance, what chance would he have in a tussle with a ghost? While he would be hit every time, he couldn't "get in one" on Athanatos by any means; *he* ain't to be got at—even a *habeas corpus* wouldn't reach him, for his tells us his corpus was washed out of the bank, into the Kaw, down the Missouri, and he don't know himself where it is now. It ain't fair. And besides, if we *must* call spirits from the vasty deep to aid our enterprise let's call up a better class; this fellow, according to his own story, lived without achieving anything, and if he don't know any more now than is indicated in his contribution, he died to little purpose. Avaunt, old ghost—skedaddle for "Donithan" County—get back into your hole,—and don't revisit the glimpses of the *Kansas Magazine* till you have something to say and learn how to say it.

"Words," by John Hay, is a little gem, and the reader, after wading through the mass of nonsense which precedes it, hails it as an oasis in the desert.

"The Summers of 1861 and 1871," by the Rev. F. S. McCabe, is an interesting sketch of travel.

"Albert Dean Richardson," by John James Ingalls, is a brief biography of Richardson, pertaining mainly to his life in Kansas. It seems to be a fair impartial history, by a friendly pen, is well written, and will be read with interest. Is one of the best things in the book.

"Kansas Railroads," by M. W. Reynolds is just what its name indicates—an interesting paper on the development of the railroad system of the State, more statistical than literary.

"Until he Come," by James Redpath. Verses.

"Nerve," by Hesper Keith. A little story, about a little girl, who grew to be big, was thought to be bad, proved to be good, and died.

"Darwinianism," by J. W. Roberts, is good. The closing paragraph is the finest prose in the book.

"Footprints," by Mrs. Cora M. Downs, is a neat little dish of nothing, tastily served.

"The Mormon's old Wife," by Geo. Alfred Townsend, is, by all odds, the best paper in the present number. The writer shows a happy conception of the Mormons' peculiar institution, and expresses himself in terms which at once win for his subject the sympathies of his reader. As the story goes, the first wife of "John Perkins, Apostle," alone, and old and gray, lay dying in her cottage at the foot of the mountain, while

—"she heard the bells of Salt Lake shedding,
Their melody over her husband's wedding."

—his tenth young spouse; as she entered the valley of the shadow bright dreams of her girlhood and visions of angels brought a pleasant smile to her face, which the embrace of death made enduring. And so when the old reprobate, after escorting his new bride to her quarters,

—"as seldom of late,
Came up to old Betsey's and opened the gate.

He stole through the orchard, passed softly the door,
And set his great basket of gifts on the floor.

There lay on the cot, with her face to the South,
The wife of his youth, with a smile 'round her mouth.

The smile that she wore in her freshness of charms,
When he awoke in the morn, and she slept in his arms:

Like the light of Twin Peaks when the day lingers low,
It lay 'neath her white hairs and tinted their snow.
Recognition of love everlasting it spake,
When father and mother and husband forsake!

"O Gentiles!" said Perkins—and knelt by the place,—
Can your wives die like ours, with a smile on the face?

"O Women? who yield up all heaven for a kiss,
Ye pity our old wives who slumber like this!"

"Border Annals," by Chas. B. Wilkinson, is an account of affairs as existing in the vicinity of St. Joseph, during the dark days of the war.

"A Plea for Housekeepers," by Mrs. Hattie McCoy North, has one merit—brevity; it has one point which the reader will appreciate—and only one:—that is the punctuation point after the last word. It is a string exploded ideas illogically decked out in bungling English.

"The General Council of the Indian Territory," by Frederic Lockley, is what its name indicates—a report of a general council of the several tribes of the Indian Territory. It is well written, but too long.

"Oliver Brown," by F. B. Sanborn, and "Reminiscences of Thaddeus Stevens," by Mary H—, are biographical sketches, without any particular merits or demerits.

"The Great Plains," by Fred. J. Stanton, is a good paper.

"Renunciation," by Annie J. Burbank, and "Watching the Rain," by Maria A. Stetson, are common-place poetical effusions.

"Black Jack," by Dean Monahan, is a story of a frontiersman. Very well written.

"The Whispering Shell," by Louis J. Hinton, is a neat little poem.

"A-Bee-Cees" is the witty department, and, if permitted to use an expressive vulgarism, we should say it is rather "thin."

The editorial department comes sadly below the expectations of those who know the editor. The leading article, "To Begin With," is limping and awkward, while the other articles, though not positively bad, are all common-place,—such as we might expect to find, and would consider well enough, in the hastily written columns of a daily paper, but not such as we look for in the editorial department of the *Atlantic*. The editor of the *Kansas* is a good writer, and with an abundance of time for preparation, we have reason to expect something good from his pen, once a month—articles at least as good as are produced ever day by over-worked editors of the daily press. But the extra labor incident to the issuing a new publication, we presume, should excuse any shortcomings in the present number.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

According to a custom which has been in vogue throughout the Christian world for many years past, the week beginning with the first Sunday in January (the present week) is to be observed by all evangelical Christians as a week of prayer. The recommendation of subjects for the United States is made by the American Evangelical Alliance. The subjects for the sermons the first day of the week—last Sunday—was "The Faith Once Delivered to the Saints,"—the bond of Union among Christians; its defense binding on all.

Yesterday, according to the published order of exercises, was a day of thanksgiving for "God's Unspeakable Gift;" for His mercies, personal, relative and national; for the maintenance and restoration of peace, and preservation from famine and other calamities, for spiritual blessings; for the progress of Christ's Kingdom; and for the useful ness of the Christian ministry.

To-day, Tuesday, the 9th, is to be an occasion of humiliation for personal and national sins, with acknowledgment of Divine judgment; for weakness of faith, disobedience, and worldliness in the church, with confession of unfaithfulness.

To-morrow is recommended for prayer "for families; for the conversion of children; for the increase of piety; for a blessing on the youth at schools, colleges, and universities, and all entering upon commercial or professional duties; and for the sanctification of affliction both to parents and children.

Thursday, Prayer for nations, especially those recently visited with calamities; for kings, and all in authority; for the prevalence of peace in the counsels of statesmen; for righteousness, harmony and good will among all classes; for the spread of sound knowledge, and for God's blessing upon special efforts to resist the progress of infidelity, superstition, intemperance, and other kinds of immorality.

Friday, Prayer for the Christian Church and ministry; for translators of the Holy Scriptures into various tongues; for societies, committees and authors engaged in Christian work.

Saturday, the 13th—Prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; for the increase of Christian love and holy zeal; for all Missionaries at home and abroad; for all Christians exposed to trials and persecution; for the prevalence of religious liberty; for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom throughout the world, and the union of all believers in prayer and effort for God's glory.

Sunday, the 14th—Sermons: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

PLACE GOOD MEN ON GUARD.

Mr. Henry Smith, our new Speaker, owes us nothing, and we can ask of him no favors; but there is a bit of advice to which he is welcome at cost: *Place no man on an important Committee in whose integrity you have not implicit confidence.* That involves you in trouble in the end. If this Legislature should not prove honest and frugal, your fame will not be an enviable one. You have assumed a weighty responsibility; see that you prove not unequal to it!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

That is the point. Our County Board have acted wisely. We trust that the State Legislature will do as well. All the crime which attaches to the Republican party in the city and County of Leavenworth was brought about by a collusion between Democrats and bolting Republicans.

THE COUNTY BOARD.

The new County Board, which convened for organization yesterday, commenced its official career with a wise and judicious act—the election of W. S. Plummer, of the First Ward of this city, as Chairman of the Board. Mr. Plummer is a staunch and reliable Republican, is thoroughly identified with the material interests of Leavenworth, is one of our pushing, go-ahead men, and is abundantly qualified by natural ability and experience to discharge the duties of the position to which his fellow members of the Board have assigned him, with credit to himself and the Board of which he is a member, and in a manner to conserve the interests of the county. Taxpayers have reason to rejoice, that, from the indication thus given, the new Board means business.

FROM OMAHA.

OMAHA, Jan. 3, 1872.

Editor Times:

The holidays are over and business is resuming its wonted channels. There were a good many open houses here on New Year's day, but fewer callers than last year. Whether it is the very noticable diminution of liquors at said open houses, and the substitution of coffee and substantials, deponent saith not, but it is very evident that the good taste of our influential citizens is opposed to making New Years day a mere excuse for drunken orgies.

Gen. Auger starts this week for Texas. The people here gave him a grand reception last week that went off very nicely. It is reported however, that one or two ladies were turned out, upon the ground of being disreputable, but as it was a party to which any one could go by paying five dollars, it appears to me that if they weeded them strictly they would not have many left.

The Pacific Road is still closed, and we have not had a through mail for ten days, and not much prospect. It is somewhat remarkable that while the Iowa roads to Chicago have been blockaded, the C. B., St. Jo. & K. C. has never, during the whole winter, been impeded by the snow. I wonder that more Eastern travel does not go over that road, as it puts travelers through *via* St. Louis within an hour of the time of the Chicago railroads, and I presume in the same time *via* St. Joseph and Quincy. It is certainly one of the best roads in the Union. It is run with so much care that an accident is unknown upon it.

We are to have Forrest here Thursday and Friday. There is great excitement and he will have the largest houses ever witnessed in Omaha.

The principal subject of agitation in business circles is the location of the Union Depot for the several railroads centering here. I believe it is now conceded that we will have it on this side of the river.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I.
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down silently,
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves me with all my heart
The one who stands beside;
And the years have been so joyous
Since first I called her bride.
We've had so much of happiness
Since we met in years before,
But the happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold.
For fame or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she loves me more—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems as all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor, indeed,
Compared with what I hold;
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only think the more
Of one who waits the coming step,
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
Its frosts upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

TO ALEXIS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Shadowed so long by the cloud storm of danger,
Thou whom the prayers of an Empire defend.
Welcome, thrice welcome! but not as a stranger,
Come to a nation that calls thee its friend.

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of December,
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow;
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that remember
Where was our friend when the heart was our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet thee,
See the fresh flowers that a people have strewn;
Count them thy sisters and brothers that meet thee;
Guest of the Nation, her heart is thine own.

Fires of the North, in external communion,
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star!
God bless the Empire that loves the great Union!
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

THE SUICIDE OF MR. O'CONNOR.

A Farewell Letter to his Brothers.

The following letter is the last one written by the late T. D. O'Connor, who committed suicide in St. Louis a few days since. It is truly a sad letter:

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Dec. 30, 1871.

M. and P. O'Connor, Leavenworth, Kansas:

DEAR BROTHER:—I received your kind favor to-day. I am truly sorry I cannot pay the debt I owe you. Were I not deprived of the natural faculties, I could easily get along in this life. Dear brothers, I would not write you this letter, but I know you will learn all. I do not wish to make you feel sad, but as it is the last time you will ever hear from me, I cannot leave this world without a long farewell and an affectionate adieu. Dear brothers, I got no encouragement from doctors; nothing can be done for me now. I cannot lead this miserable life; every day is a month. Don't blame me when I say that before this reaches you I will be numbered with the past. I go to St. Louis this afternoon, where I shall mail this letter. It is heartrending to part with you, dear brothers, but I cannot live forever in misery. No, I cannot. I remember the many acts of kindness you have favored me with, and may God grant you a long and happy life in this world, and eternal happiness in the next. Dear brothers, I have been kindly treated by every one save the two you know. I have never deserved to be punished. To be cut down in the prime of life, with bright prospects, is hard to endure. If I had taken your advice, and the advice of H——, your father-in-law, and family, I would have been all right to-day—the kind and friendly advice I was too foolish to appreciate until it was too late. May no cloud darken their pathway, and may your father-in-law and mother-in-law live many a day to see their children blessed with happiness and comfort.

I would like to be with you on Christmas, but I know full well I could not make you happy; but I wish you a happy New Year, and many of them.

I know Peake & Marsh would like to have me back again, but I will never see those honorable gentlemen again.

Dear brothers, I forgive my enemies. If I do not forgive them, how can I expect God forgive me?

Now, *I have* but one request *to ask of you*, and that is to make no threat against those that wronged me to the grave, or do them no harm. The arm of the law will be against you, and you will jeopardize your own happiness. They are really to low for any honorable man to stoop to notice. God will reward every one according to their merits, and those base cowards and liars will not go unpunished. What a corrupt heart they must have, to destroy and transgress, and cripple a being that has only his hands and faculties to help him through life. They will have their reward. I could shoot B—like a mad-dog, but dear brother, never shall I stain my hands with the blood of such a base coward.

I expected a letter from you to-day, dear brother, but I got none. Maurice, I don't wish you that this letter should make you uneasy. All I wish of you is to comfort yourself. You have a loving wife and family, and family connections. Take good care of yourself and let me rest. There can be nothing done for me now.

Dear brothers, there is no one has any better brothers than I had. I have often said it. You never forgot me, and you never forsook me. You have done everything that brothers could do for me. May you have your reward. Maurice, I am in as good sense now as when I got hurt. I am perfectly composed and prepared to meet death. If I could only die a natural death I would feel happy, and to live is to only die a thousand deaths.

Write sometime to sister Johona, and tell her the circumstances. Tell our dear parents in the old country, why I have not written them. I had no heart to write to anyone since August, 1870; no, nor God knows a happy day. Give my love to poor Paul, and tell him to take good care of himself. Keep away from the brute's and coward's friends; have nothing to say in regard to my case.—Look well to yourselves and forget me. God will do right. Trouble yourselves not about me. You lost two loving brothers and brothers-in-law, a greater loss than I am. You had to forget them and live after them. Give my love to your wife and family, and your father-in-law, family and friends. I trust in God we'll some day meet in heaven where parting is no more. Whatever may have been my faults I hope my friends will forgive me. May God have mercy on my soul. Your affectionate brother.

TIM.

NEW YORK.

Death of Col. Fisk at 11 o'clock Sunday Morning.

Scenes at the Death Bed.

Preparations for the Funeral To-Day.

Provisions of the Will.

Expressions of Public Sentiment.

The Coroner's Inquest over his Remains.

James Fisk, Jr., Shot.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—James Fisk, Jr., was shot twice in the breast by Edward Stokes at the Grand Central Hotel at 4:20 p. m. The affair took place in the vastibule. It is now thought that Fisk cannot survive. Stokes was arrested and conveyed to the Sixteenth Precinct Station House. Fisk had just alighted from his carriage and entered the hotel when he was shot.

Jim Fisk Mortally Wounded.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The following circumstances attending the Fisk shooting case at 4:30 p. m. are thus given: A carriage stopped at the entrance to the Grand Central Hotel, containing Fisk and a companion, the former alighted and entered the hotel for the purpose of proceeding to his rooms. As he ascended the first steps Stokes came out of an adjoining passageway unperceived, and unbuttoned his coat, drew a revolver, and rapidly discharged three shots at Fisk. The first shot lodged in his shoulder, the second whistled past his head, but the third was more fatally directed and took effect in his abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. Fisk staggered and fell, while Stokes, casting a look of hatred on the prostrate form of his victim, said in a savage tone: "I have done for the son of a bitch this time." Fisk evidently recognized his assailant before falling, but made no remark.

Immediately after the shooting, the hotel employees rushed to the scene; while some cared for the wounded man, others seized Stokes, who seeing escape impossible, made no resistance, and was promptly handed over to the police.

Fisk was quickly conveyed to his room where the surgeon of the hotel was soon in attendance on him; meanwhile, telegraphic dispatches sent for further surgical aid and friends of Fisk.

The scene at the hotel after the shooting was one of extraordinary excitement. The crowds coming from matinees of the various theaters learning of the occurrence, thronged the corridors of the hotel, eagerly discussing the event and making inquiries about the particulars of the outrage.

The officers who arrested Stokes conveyed him to the 16th Precinct Station where he was lodged in a cell. It is believed that he was aroused to desperation partly in consequence of rumors generally received as well founded, that the Grand Jury have found an indictment against himself and Miss Mansfield for an attempt to blackmail Fisk.

The wound in Fisk's abdomen is similar to that which caused the death of Mr. Vallandigham. The doctors are now, 8 p. m., probing for the bullet, but have not yet succeeded in finding it. It is not supposed the wounded man can survive till morning. The Coronor has been sent for to take an *anti-mortem* statement.

Probable Cause of the Shooting of Fisk.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The news of the shooting of Fisk, spreading over the city, has caused intense excitement, and a vast crowd assembled around the Grand Central Hotel, where Fisk is lying in a very critical condition.

It is probable that Stokes was in a disordered state of mind, caused by the proceedings at Yorkville, where he was a witness to-day in the Mansfield libel suit. For some time he is said to have been in a desperate state of mind, evidently caused by the slowness of the progress of the suits against Fisk, in which he is concerned.

In June last an award of $10,000 was made in favor of Stokes, to settle a claim he had long had against Fisk. With this Stokes was dissatisfied, and applied to have the award set aside and the case reopened.

About three months since, Miss Mansfield instituted a civil suit against Fisk to recover $50,000, loaned to Fisk. Whereupon he applied an injunction restraining his private letters in Miss Mansfield's possession, which it was said were about to be published, and which was yesterday decided by Judge Brady, ordering its continuance when Fisk opposed preliminary papers. In the civil suit of Miss Mansfield, affidavits were filed on the part of Fisk, setting forth that the case is an attempt to blackmail him, whereupon Miss Mansfield instituted proceedings at Yorkville Police Court which is still pending. Stokes was interrogated at the station house on the shooting, but on advice of his counsel, ex-Judge McKee, he refused to make any statement whatever. Most intense indignation is universally expressed against the manner of shooting. Among the hundreds who inquired at the hotel as to the condition of the victim, there was but one opinion, and intense indignation against the assassin and commiseration for the victim. Drs. Wood, White and others are in attendance, and Fisk's wound is pronounced dangerous. There is considerable nervous prostration, but neither hemorrage or inflamation have as yet taken place. While Fisk's condition is considered critical, the opinion of the surgeons in attendance is that he will certainly live over night.

Charles S. Spencer, one of Fisk's lawyers, stated in a crowd at the Grand Central Hotel, that Stokes had already obtained $50,000 from Fisk, and that failing in his last attempt, he like a coward shot Fisk. He also said that when Stokes left the court he was perfectly cool and collected.

NEW YORK, Sunday, Jan. 7.—A few moments before eleven o'clock this morning, James Fisk, Jr., expired. All that unremitting medical skill and attendance could do had been done, but were of no avail. Jay Gould was in attendance from an early hour this morning; his face wore, while there was a hope that his friend might recover, its usual calm expression, but no sooner had Fisk died, however than Gould's fortitude gave way and his grief found vent in tears. The news of Fisk's death spread rapidly, and everywhere produced profound sensation and regret. The aspersions that his enemies had heaped upon his character were forgotten, and only his noble qualities of head and heart were remembered—his frankness, his generosity and his character. The scene in and around the room where the body lay was touching in the extreme; a very large number of the friends of Mr. Fisk and the guests of the hotel visited the body—many ladies among the number. Later in the afternoon, prior to the removal of the corpse to Mr. Fisk's residence, the general public were admitted to view the body.

At a quarter past 7 Mrs. Fisk arrived. She was terribly agitated at the bedside of her husband. The scene was the most heart-rending that had yet taken place, and those present could not suppress their emotions. Fisk was not much moved at the moment when he was cognizant of his surroundings, but seemed never deserted by the coolness and fortitude which he displayed when first shot. The body will be conveyed from his late residence No. 313 West Twenty-third street, to the New Haven Depot, at 2 o'clock on Monday morning. The funeral will take place at Brattleboro, Vermont, on Tuesday at 1 o'clock p. m.

The brigade to which the Ninth Regiment is attached has been ordered out to escort his remains to the depot to-morrow, the Ninth acting as a special funeral escort

Stokes was taken to the Tombs this morning and placed in a cell on the second tier, where the worst criminals are confined. When he heard of Fisk's death he expressed regret, and said he did the deed in a state of frenzy.

The indignation of the public finds vent in a general wish that the criminal may be tried, convicted, and hung without delay.

The journals comment on Fisk's murder, and say the cowardice of the act produced its first fruits in the public mind by awakening for Fisk a wide felt sympathy. There is nothing in the case to distinguish it from murder for which death on the gallows is the penalty if convicted. The following are the provisions of Col. Fisk's will: Mrs. Hooker, his sister, receives $100,000 in Narragansett Steamship shares; his father and mother receive $3,000 a year each; to each of the Misses Morse, he bequeathed $2,000 a year; to the Ninth regiment, $11,000—this gift was made a week ago, but was legalized last night; to his wife he bequeathed the balance of his property of all kinds; to Jay Gould, for whom he entertained the warmest and most disinterested friendship, he left his personal effects entrusted to him, "the labor of love," as it is called in the will, of carrying out his (Fisk's) projects in regard to public improvements. Mrs. Fisk inherits all her deceased husband's shares in the Erie railroad.

Early this evening Mr. J. Young took a plaster cast of Col. Fisk; it is to be reproduced in marble. At 9 o'clock a post mortem examination was made by Drs. Janneway and Marsh. The wound in the arm was simply a flesh wound. The wound in the abdomen, which was the fatal one, entered six inches above the umbilicus and an inch and a half to the right of the medium line, passing downward and to the left through the omentum and mesentery, piercing two loops of the small intestines. The ball was found in the left inguinal region, about twenty-two inches from its point of entrance

LATER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—While Stokes was being taken to the tombs yesterday, he chatted indifferently with the Police Captain who had him in charge, and asked the Captain to get him a bottle of wine, which was refused. He was locked up with another prisoner. His lawyers had a long conversation with him in the afternoon. After breakfast, yesterday, he said, in conversation with a reporter, "you need have no fears for me; I am no murderer. I have read the papers, and I assure you there is a tale yet untold about the affairs." After Fisk's relatives were informed of his death, Stokes said: "Well, it is a sad loss to the business community; but should not prejudge me by calling me a murderer—I never wished Fisk any harm, personally, nor never dreamed of offending him in any way. I could say more, but my counsel have closed my lips." When asked if he had any fear for the result as regarded himself, he took from his pocket a wallet and said, "Do you see that? As sure as you see it, will I be acquitted by any jury that can be impannelled."

The Coroner's Jury includes Marshal O'Roberts, Geo. Opdyke, Henry Clems, David Dows, and other prominent gentlemen. The examining physicians state that Fisk's brain weighed 58 ounces.

Wm. M. Tweed, shortly after the death of Fisk, gave utterance to expressions of intense regret and strongly eulogized the deceased.

The counsel for the defense includes Jno. Graham, John McKeen, Roger A. Pryor and W. O. Bartlett.

A man who accompanied Stokes in a coupe and who is supposed to have bought the pistol for him, has been arrested, as has also the driver of the coupe.

President Smith of Board of Police stated yesterday that it was the intention of the prosecuting officers to have Stokes indicted by the Oyer and Terminer Grand Jury today. The Coroner's inquest and other tedious proceedings would thus be set aside, and Stokes would be indicted forthwith, arraigned and tried the same day. It is expected that the trial will take place in thirty days.

It is stated that Miss Mansfield has disappeared.

The assassination of Fisk is the present topic of conversation in Wall street, and universal reprobation of the act is expressed.

The Directors of the Erie Railway to-day passed a resolution of regret at the assassination of Fisk, and voted to attend the funeral, and a committee was appointed to proceed to Vermont with the body.

A large crowd blocked up the streets around the Grand Opera House all the morning. The body of Fisk was removed from his residence to the large hall of the Erie Railroad directors in the Opera House, where it was placed on catafalque. The hall was covered with a net-work of black and white festoons with black drapery depending from the cornices and covering all the doors. At either end of the casket containing the body, were beautiful devices of anchors, crowns, etc., with camelias. On either side of the casket were national flags and the regimental standard of the Ninth Regiment and a large picture of deceased was placed at the head of the casket. The officers of his regiment bore the body from the residence to the Opera House where it lay in state, and an immense concourse of people filed in to take a last view of the deceased.

The District Attorney states that no movement towards indicting Stokes will be made until the rendering of the verdict of the Co